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"THE DYING BLIND GIRL."*

The shadows of death gather softly around me,
 The morn of my future dawns in the sky;
 Dark, sombre earth, soon, soon shall I leave thee;
 The summons hath come, and the hour draweth nigh!
 Kiss me, my mother, a joy falleth on me;
 Peace fills my heart, for my pilgrimage ends;
 The Father of love, in his plenteous mercy,
 With vision to bless me, his messenger sends!
 Sweet voices of angels, all lovingly tell me
 The long dreary time of my darkness is o'er;
 Soon day shall break, and the glory supernal
 In visible splendor its radiance pour!
 Now shall the veil from my dim eyes be sundered,
 Now shall my sorrow and mournfulness flee,
 Borne to yon land, where the weary find comfort;
 Mother, dear mother, oh weep not for me!
 ARTHUR MATTHISON.

* The author holds the copyright of this poem.
 [Ed. W. A. J.]

THE MARRIAGE OF LISZT.

After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns in Germany, the celebrated pianist, Liszt, arrived at Prague in October, 1846.

The day after he came, his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not, perhaps, have shown a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said: "I come to you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing on the piano, and by giving instruction, I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-morrow I set out for home—penniless."

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty—it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purse in common; and if fortune neglects some in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Liszt opened another drawer in his writing-case, and started when he saw that his usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There, sir!" replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"There! why, there is scarcely anything!"

"I know it, sir. If you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see, my dear brother," said Liszt, smiling, "that for the moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me; I have credit, and I can make money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying, he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man. "There," said he, "that will do. It was a present made to me by the Emperor of Austria; his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them, and dispose of them, and whatever they shall bring shall be yours."

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Liszt would not hear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, invoking the choicest blessings of heaven on his generous benefactor. He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweler in the city, in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserably dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels with whose value he appeared unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty; and while appearing to examine the diamonds with very close attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said, "afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Liszt hastened to the jeweler.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an honest man. Come with me immediately and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," said the merchant, "who are you?"

"My name is Liszt."

"I don't know any rich man by that name."

"That may be; yet I am tolerably well known."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say, about five thousand guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But in order to make such a present, you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician?"

"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Liszt had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it, and ran his fingers over the keys; then seized by sudden inspiration he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable; then, as the last note died away, she cried with irresistible enthusiasm: "Bravo! Liszt! 'tis wondrous!"

"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweler.

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied

she, "but I know that none living, save Liszt, could draw such sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young lady of remarkable beauty, the admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to an artist. However, after making his best acknowledgments, Liszt withdrew, in order to release the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweler.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Liszt than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They entreated him to give some concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as a remuneration. Then the jeweler perceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more valuable than the most precious diamonds. Liszt continued to go to his house, and to the merchant's great joy he perceived that his daughter was the cause of these visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his child, certainly did not hate him.

One morning the jeweler, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt:

"How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it, that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you, and you please my daughter. Her fortune is ready; be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated in the course of the following week.

And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Liszt.

THE DUMB PAINTER OF LOGRONO.

The warm, glowing afternoon of a Spanish day was waning to its sunset, and the dimness of the room where Maraquita was sitting was lighted up by little flecks of western rays that came through the lattices and played upon her white dress and cool white of the marble floor. She was sitting upon a couch of light construction, the whole being twisted from canes; while her small feet, with their delicate silken slippers, were resting upon another couch of the same material. Around her swept the waves of her long, black hair, which she was coiling and uncoiling alternately; now gathering the heavy masses into one or two long, rich braids, and then flinging down the wreath of tresses, until they bound her like a bridal veil.

The poor little Spanish lady was evidently ill at ease. The elastic lounge, upon which her slender figure was supported, swayed and bent with her nervous movements; and the pet dog that lay beside her, vainly trying to lick her hand, seemed astonished that it would not lie still long enough for the operation.

"What can I do, Max?" she said, address-

ing the dog. "I am a silly little maiden, and I dread to have it found out that I am so. Here are my good father and mother, in whose eyes I have been all perfection, and who thought that even this grandiose Don Carlos was not more than half good enough for me, will now believe that the spirit of evil has taken possession of me. Max, you are a good dog, but I don't believe you have wit enough to get poor Maraquita de Mona out of this difficulty."

Max laid his paw upon her arm, closed and unclosed his eyes, and looked as wise as some others might when expecting a tale of confidence from a young damsel; but Maraquita's playful mood had passed, and she rose and paced the room with restless steps.

By this time the sun had sunk out of sight, and the voice of Don Albert de Mona, calling to his daughter to be ready for a drive to the Plaza, was heard, as he descended the stairs and knocked at the door.

"Not to-night, father," she replied; "I am ill. My head aches terribly. Pray excuse me! I will remain here quietly till you and my mother return."

"Well, the afternoon has been sultry," said her father. "Lie down and rest while we are absent. Shall I call your maid?"

"No, father," she replied; "I do not need her. I shall be better alone."

Better alone! Ah, Donna Maraquita! thy poor father is deceived, but thou canst not hide it to thyself that it is only to see the handsome painter of Logrono, that thou sittest braiding thy beautiful hair—only to watch him, as he comes down the street in the twilight, and as he looks up with eager glance at the lattice, to throw a moss-rosebud at his feet. Thou knowest, too, that at that token he will venture to enter thy presence, and that his lips will greet thee as the one dearest to his heart. Not with words will be that greeting, but with another language, always understood—the language of kisses.

No, not with words—for the painter, Navarrete, is both deaf and dumb! But there is no need of words for lovers. And so it was with these two lovers; they met and parted, with only the soul's telegraphic signals, and they needed no echo from the lips.

Donna Maraquita had been invited by a friend, some months before, to visit the studio of Juan Fernandez Ximenes Navarrete, to see a beautiful painting of the Virgin which he had recently executed.

The young painter, who was called El Mudo, from his misfortune, was rapidly gaining fame; and this very painting was the great stepping-stone to public favor. The excitable Spaniards, warmed with enthusiasm at the beauty of the head, which was said to have been copied from that of the artist's mother, Donna Catalina Ximenes.

Among the many who visited the studio were Don Albert and his daughter.

The beauty of this painting, the filial, admiring reverence of the artist in taking his mother's head as a model, the "silent world" in which he lived, all wrought upon the susceptible imagination of the young girl, and from thenceforward El Mudo was associated in all her dreams.

On his part, the painter had seen a vision of beauty such as he thought he had never before beheld; and yet it must have been only the sympathetic and cordial manner of Donna Maraquita that induced the thought—for although she was, indeed, noble-looking, and with a grace blended with dignity, yet so were many others.

Again and again she came, sometimes accompanied by her father, but oftener alone; and at last the painter was delighted to find that she could converse freely with him in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

With what joy he now related to her his whole life—its mournful childhood and youth, when no sound of bird, or breeze, or human voice could reach his ear; and how he used to go wandering for whole days through picture galleries, until the idea seized upon him that he too must paint; and how that, ever since that hour, he had lived in a higher and more exalted sphere, and was no longer the lonely man, apart from his fellow-creatures, but that his art was the one grand link that bound him and them together.

And what more did Fernandez impart? He told her, too, that the moment he saw her, he felt that she was to be the connecting one between him and happiness.

"And yet how—oh, how can I take you from the living, speaking music of the world, and bind you to the speechless silence that ever surrounds me?"

Her trembling fingers telegraphed to his mind that she sought no higher destiny. It was enough for the affectionate girl that he loved her. She would give worlds that his lips could speak; but her love could never be lessened because they were silent.

How to break the tidings to her parents was now the grand object of her solicitude; and on this very night she had promised Fernandez that it should be told them.

He came at the twilight, held a brief interview with her, and then left her to tell what he felt it impossible to make them comprehend.

When Don Albert and his wife returned, they heard all from the lips of the trembling girl. Tenderly as they loved her, they could not give her up to a fate like this.

They entreated her not to give him any hope; their decision now could never be reversed.

Maraquita yielded to their tears what she could not have done to their commands; but the storm in her soul was no less severe.

Her parting with Fernandez the next day was a terrible scene.

The sight of his dumb and powerless anguish was more affecting than the most impassioned speech.

The only consolation which he could receive was the solemn assurance of her continued affection.

They parted—Maraquita to go to her lonely room, which no persuasion could induce her to leave, and Fernandez to the country villa where his mother lived in quiet grandeur; for it was not poverty that induced her son to paint, but to fill the time hanging so wearily upon a person with his privation.

All the comfort which the mother could impart to his mute agony was given; but the wound was deep and lasting.

He had no time, however, to give to grief, for he was summoned to Madrid by Philip II., and appointed painter to the king, with a pension of two hundred ducats.

Here he painted the "Shepherds Announcing the Birth of our Saviour;" and his representation of them was so exquisite, that every one exclaimed: "What beautiful shepherds!"

This exclamation afterwards became the name of this painting, it being everywhere known as "The Beautiful Shepherds."

Still Maraquita mourned, in almost utter loneliness, the loss of her lover. Still did

Donna Catalina cherish bitterness toward her whom she could not acquit of coquetry toward her innocent and unfortunate son.

Every one concerned in the affair was unhappy. Don Albert and his wife were miserable, for, although Maraquita made no complaint, her pale, thin face was a perpetual reproach; and her refusal to go into company distressed and annoyed them.

Maraquita had heard of the appointment, but she had heard also that Fernandez had again left Madrid; she did not know why; but one evening a courier brought a note from Donna Catalina, couched partly in bitter and partly in humble form, informing her that her son, "whom her cruelty had nearly destroyed," was lying dangerously ill, and that she must come and look upon the wreck she had made. It closed with a frantic entreaty for her to come immediately.

She showed it to her father, and he could not resist the pleading look which she gave him. A few moments later they were on the road with a pair of horses that seemed almost to fly.

The mute appeal of that sorrow-stricken face that lay upon the pillow, almost unmanned Don Albert. He marked the agony of his daughter, and the proud, stately grief of Fernandez's beautiful mother; and he asked himself if he could bestow aught upon either, from his wealth, that could compensate for the anguish of this hour. One word from him would bring back joy to all. Should he speak it? Could he give up his cherished hope of seeing Maraquita the wife of one of the proud Spanish grandees, and allow her to marry a painter? Yet everything here betokened wealth and the utmost refinement—almost, indeed, to fastidiousness.

He did speak that word.

His daughter uttered a glad shriek.

Donna Catalina pressed his hand to her heart and wept happy tears, and the mute sufferer himself was not slow to comprehend the general happiness.

They were soon united, never more to be separated until death.

No cloud ever came over that perfect and enduring love. The noble Spanish wife devoted her time, her talents, and affections, wholly to him she loved, and almost ceased to regret that she could not hear the voice when the eyes were so eloquent.

Still did his mother's beautiful and noble face look out from the canvas, but Maraquita's never. It was in his heart too deeply to bring it to the gaze of the world.

He kept it there, shrouded and holy, within the bosom's innermost depths.

It was that mute, unexpressed love, that needs not speech to declare it—the love of the Dumb Painter of Logroño.

COLOGNE.—In consideration of the service rendered by him to the cause of choral singing, Herr Wilhelm Tschirsch, *Capellmeister*, and composer of the "tone-picture" entitled, "Eine Nacht auf dem Meere," has been created an honorary member of the Cologne Männergesangverein.

PRAGUE.—Two of the novelties to be produced during the ensuing season, are Herr Westmeyer's romantic opera, "Der Wald bei Hermannstadt," and M. Offenbach's "Barbe-Bleue."

STUTTGART.—Herr J. Abert has been appointed to succeed Herr Carl Eckert as *Capellmeister* at the Royal Opera-house.